

## Dig Dug by [orphan\\_account](#)

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**Genre:** Gen, He done goofed and now he's facing the facts, Introspective Hopper, tagged characters mentioned

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers

**Relationships:** Eleven | Jane Hopper & Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers & Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper

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**Summary:**

Everything good in Jim Hopper's life was swallowed up by the black hole that was anchored to his existence. It was only a matter of time before it consumed him too.

## Dig Dug

If his life had followed a different course of action, he would have been utterly shocked to find himself in this current situation. But nothing surprised him anymore.

He willingly dug passage into his own grave. An inter-dimensional tunnel system running beneath his town. Alien limbs seeking him out and bringing him down.

As the thick vine tightened its hold around his throat, Jim Hopper clamped his eyes shut and willed his body to relax. Maybe if he stopped resisting, the hundreds of other vines would stop constricting.

He not only cursed the universe, but he cursed himself.

His wife and daughter doomed to be a part of his life. Only then, he didn't know what horror would unfold and result in their demise.

Had Diane settled down with anyone else, she wouldn't have had to face the heartbreakin journey of a childless mother.

Had Sara been born of parents without the tainted DNA of a doomed man, she would still be alive today.

He managed to destroy one family all his own. Yet here he was, once more.

When Eleven followed him out of the woods that bitter winter night, he felt an overwhelming sense of protection toward her. He had given up one child in order to save another. She was otherworldly, possessing powers that would keep her safe enough. But she was a little girl. She was someone's little girl.

He had to make it right. He had to keep her hidden from those scientists who treated her like nothing more than a common lab rat. He had to find a way to give her a normal life.

They stood on a foundation of mutual trust. At first it was weak and fragile, one wrong move and it came crumbling down. But as the

months passed, it became strong and durable, more capable of carrying the weight of their situation.

Had he known he wouldn't see her again, he would have swallowed his pride and apologized to her before leaving for the day.

Their fight was a literal blow out. Words as sharp and cutting as the shards of glass that burst from the window panes.

She was right. He was locking her up and keeping her from the free world just like Brenner had. But she didn't seem to understand why.

He didn't have any other options. He vowed to keep her safe, and until he knew that was possible outside the walls of their cabin in the woods, that's where she would have to stay.

She would have no reason to view him differently than Brenner. As far as she knows, he locked her up only to throw away the key and leave her for good. Nothing more than another monster in her tragic story.

His lack of communication ultimately landed him in a tangle of fatal vines. Had he simply told Joyce what his plan was, he probably wouldn't be watching his pathetic life flash before his eyes.

No amount of alcohol or drugs could conjure up the alternate universe where Jim Hopper found himself working alongside Joyce Byers to find her missing son, only to uncover a real life nightmare haunting their sleepy town.

In their time apart, they created new lives. Families of their own. Families that existed happily. Families that eventually cracked and broke apart.

Each year wrapped a new layer around them, slowly morphing them as they journeyed through time. Yet deep down, at the core, they were still the same people of their blissfully simple youth.

He tried to work by the book at first. Stay as detached from the situation while still getting the job done. But he couldn't. Not with her. She was right at every twist and turn and he found himself fully invested once more.

They had returned to a previous life. Where they sought each other out, shared concerns, and trusted deeply.

They were supposed to fight this together. To keep all these kids who found themselves wrapped up in this unbelievable mess as safe as possible.

He had painted himself as someone to rely on. To Eleven. To Joyce. To her sons and their friends.

But he was on a path of destruction. With him traveled a life sucking energy that bled everything dry. Years and years of inflicting harm to those he loved had finally caught up to him.

**Author's Note:**

This is an attempt at me getting back into writing. I managed to back myself into a corner with my other story, Harvest Moon, and I bailed. But I will get back to it. Thank you to anyone reading this and leaving any form of feedback!